

THE NEW NORTH.

VOLUME 9. NO. 49.

RHINELANDER, WISCONSIN, THURSDAY, JANUARY 14, 1892.

TERMS—\$1.50 IN ADVANCE

HOMESTEADERS IN TROUBLE.

John Labby Has Two Neighbors Arrested For Assault With Intent To Kill.

John Labby, a homesteader living on the S. W. of 19-37-9, about four miles from town, came to town yesterday morning to inform Dist. Attorney, Shelton that himself and wife had been assaulted by two neighboring homesteaders, and narrowly escaped with their lives. The men he charged with the assault are Gil Young, who lives on an adjoining claim and Mike Ryan who claims the same homestead as Labby. A warrant was sworn out before Municipal Judge Browne and Officer Melbourn soon served it. Both men plead not guilty and the examination was continued until today at 2:30. Labby's evidence will doubtless be the same as his story yesterday which is substantially as follows: Tuesday evening as he was about to retire he heard someone walking about his shanty. He went to the door and noticed two men, one of whom he recognized as Young. Both men ran away and he retired to his bed. This was about seven o'clock. In a half hour or so three or four shots were fired through the shanty window, the bullets narrowly missing Labby and his wife in bed. He immediately got up and on going out doors could see no one. He went to the shanty of a neighbor named Kline, who told him to wait until morning when they would look the thing up. In the morning he and Kline looked up the tracks, which were plainly discernible. They were of two men and led around the house and some distance away, where from appearances the men had sat down on the ground for some little time. The tracks were then followed to the home of Young and from there one track went to Ryan's home. Labby says that he and Kline went into Young's house on the pretext of borrowing a compass, and that Young was visibly excited at their presence. Labby says that he has been cutting timber on the claim and that Ryan has tried to stop him. He also claims that Ryan once threatened his life if he persisted in cutting timber.

Both Young and Ryan assert positively that they know nothing whatever of the charge brought against them and stoutly proclaim their innocence. Young says that he was not away from his home at all that night after dark and has not been near Labby's home for months. Ryan was at Young's house last Tuesday night he says, from dark until after 8 p. m. and went from there to his own shanty when he left. They will prove this by both Mrs. Young and the little boy, who were present. Young and Ryan have both borne good reputations and it will require pretty strong evidence to force a belief that they are guilty of any such crime as is charged against them. Ryan says that the only trouble he ever had with Labby was confined to his telling him one day that he had better not cut timber until he found out who the homestead belonged to.

A Rhinelander Business House.

Irvine Gray has been in the mercantile business in Rhinelander three years. Before that for a number of years he was the leading merchant of Antioch. His store, on Brown street, is today one of the best stocked and best kept retail establishments in Northern Wisconsin. A stock of between twenty and thirty thousand dollars worth of goods is carried, comprising fine and general dry goods, furnishings, boots and shoes, cloaks, and a general provision and grocery stock. An annual business in the neighborhood of seventy-five thousand dollars means considerable trading, but it does not overstate the retail business done by this establishment. The store building, erected by Mr. Gray last year, was designed especially for its present uses and is as convenient and showy as it could well be made. The basement, wherein the grocery and provision stock is carried, is finished off as finely as an ordinary store building. The main floor, 36x80, is crowded with goods and fitted with all modern appliances such as cash railway system, etc. Mr. Gray is an excellent business man and like others of his kind believes that when he has anything to sell, it pays to let the people know what it is and where to get it. He is a liberal advertiser, an accommodating and thoroughly reliable business man, and his trade emporium is one of the stores to which Rhinelander residents point with pride.

THE WATERWORKS SOLD.

Mollett, Hodgkins & Clarke Dispose of Their Stock to a Local Syndicate.

But a few minor details remain to be completed to effect the transfer of the Rhinelander Water Works company stock to a local syndicate composed of W. E. and E. O. Brown, Chas. Chaffee, R. R. Lewis, John Barnes and E. A. Calkins. Mollett, Hodgkins & Clarke, of Syracuse, who built the works and own nearly all the stock, have decided to dispose of the plant simply for the reason that they are in the business of building rather than operating plants. The terms of the transfer are on the basis of \$100,000.00 for the plant complete. Its cost of course is a matter known only to the builders. It is bonded for \$90,000.00, the bonds running 20 years. The purchasers assume the bonds and pay to Mollett, Hodgkins & Clarke a sum in addition, the amount of which is private. The waterworks have paid well and future years promise to bring even better returns on the investment. The amount of interest paid annually on the bonds and the cost of operating the plant are more than offset by the town's fire hydrants and private consumers. As each year will bring many new patrons of the water company it looks reasonable that the local syndicate has made a profitable investment. Mr. Calkins, who takes a fifth of the stock, does so simply as an investment as he intends being absent from here entirely hereafter. The men who have purchased the works are careful, conservative, yet enterprising business men of our city who have the interests of the place at heart and in whose hands any such institution insures fair treatment for the people and a public-spirited policy. The new company's officers will be:

John Barnes, president.
Chas. Chaffee, vice president.
E. O. Brown, secretary and treasurer.
B. R. Lewis, manager.
The works will be conducted as if no change in ownership had taken place. In purchasing the stock, each of the six take a fifth of the amount, excepting Messrs. Barnes and Lewis, who together take one-fifth.

Daniels and Kinnard to Fight.

Wm. Daniels, the local middle-weight who has been looking for fight for some time among the many promising month fighters of Wisconsin's pugilistic galaxy, has at last succeeded in making a match by agreeing to stay eight rounds with a 200 pound beauty for a purse of \$250.00. The fight takes place Friday evening, Jan. 22, at the Alhambra Theater, Ironwood, Mich. The heavy-weight is Tom Kinnard, known as the Michigan Cyclone, but the New North ventures the opinion that he will prove more of a gentle zephyr than a cyclone. He has been whipped in every fight he assayed for the last year, excepting one, and that was prevented by the Governor. Daniels will not only stay with him but whip him.

The Evening Wisconsin says Hall, the Australian, is coming to this city for a "go" with the local heavy-weight, Daniels. The Wisconsin is off on two important points, viz: The facts of the case and the height of the man. Daniels only weighs 154, and Hall is coming on nearer Rhinelander than Oshkosh.

Changes at the Schools.

Miss Ellen Minnehan, principal of the Myron H. McCord school is dangerously sick at her home in Oshkosh. Her sister is there at her bedside and Tuesday a telegram came calling her father, who was teaching in her place here. Miss Oakley has taken the position temporarily leaving Prof. Peterson alone in the high school. Miss McCauley is filling Miss Mary Minnehan's place.

Miss Griswold is detained at her home in Grant county by the serious illness of her mother. Her place is taken by Mrs. Swift, an experienced teacher.

An Encampment.

A local camp of Odd Fellows will be organized to-night in the Oneida Lodge rooms. Grand Scribe L. O. Holmes of Baraboo, will be present to install the camp. He will be assisted by Grand Chief Patrick Telford, of Ashland. About a score of Odd Fellows will join the new camp. The local Odd Fellows' lodge has made rapid strides forward in the past year. It has largely increased its membership and is in excellent shape financially.

The First National Bank

stockholders held their annual meeting Tuesday night. The old directors were chosen for the ensuing year with the exception of W. O. Fickbine, who desired to be relieved of the position on account of his probable departure for town before the year closed. S. M. Hutchinson was elected in his place. The directors will hold their meeting for the election of officers Saturday evening. S. M. Hutchinson turned over the combinations and cash to W. E. Ashton, the new cashier, who is now in charge.

January Weather.

An official weather report from Milwaukee affirms for January, "Thirteen days may be expected on which .01 of an inch or more precipitation will fall; also a possibility of 6 days cloudless weather; 13 days partly cloudy and 12 days cloudy weather. The winds for the month will be mostly from the northwest." This is a forecast. A hindsight may not corroborate it. It also shows that the warmest January in 20 years was in 1880, a mean temperature of 34.05 degrees. The coldest was in 1875 when the mean for the month was 9.7.

The Greatest Discovery of the Age.

An infallible remedy for the cure of catarrh and deafness in all its stages, by one who has been a great sufferer from catarrh and almost total deafness.

No catarrh or slimy green and yellow sticky matter discharging from the nose. No deafness. No ringing crackling sounds in the head. No mucous matter lodging in the throat. No occasional hacking cough with throwing up slimy green and yellow sticky matter. It is a blessing that words cannot describe.

For further information write for circulars. Address, Frank Wertz and Co., Wausau, Wis. Drawer 1029.

Neckties in all shades and colors at Shaffer's.

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Pat. Brennan Friday, Jan. 8.

Overcoats almost given away at Shaffer's. Now is the time to buy.

Gents' furnishing goods of the latest styles at Shaffer's clothing store.

Sech Conrad and family have gone to Robbins, Mich. He is to work in the Brown and Robbins mill, there.

M. W. Shaffer has the finest line of Gents' shoes that can be found in the city. All prices. Call and look them over.

There will be a sociable at the Baptist church Friday night, 15th. Refreshments, cake and ice cream. All are invited.

M. W. Shaffer sells clothing at prices which permit of both a profit and a bargain for the purchaser. He buys them right.

D. B. Stevens and wife went to Grant county last week in response to a telegram announcing the death of Mrs. Stevens' mother.

Rev. D. C. Savage, pastor of the local M. E. church, and Miss Alta M. Ryder will be married by Presiding Elder Cole in the church Feb. 3.

The next lecture of the Congregational course will not take place on date as advertised but notice will be given later as to what date it will occur.

Mr. and Mrs. James Keenan left yesterday for New London to attend the funeral of Mrs. Keenan's father, Patrick Little, who died suddenly Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Brown mourn the loss of their little infant daughter Emma. She died Monday of bronchitis. The funeral services, conducted by Mr. Humphreys, were held Tuesday at the home on Frederick street.

S. E. Farnham, the San Line's popular conductor is back from his visit to the east. Farnham is a genial yet trustworthy employee of his company, and a man possessed of much more literary ability than is ordinarily found so far north.

A well filled church greeted Dr. Eaton last evening and all were well entertained by his lecture upon "The Long Felt Want." He is a ready, pleasing speaker and we regret that lack of time prevents giving a more extended notice of his lecture.

Episcopal services were held last evening in the Baptist church by Rev. Jenner, of Wausau. A large number were in attendance. There are many of that denomination residing here, and considerable interest has been manifested towards forming a society and holding services regularly.

Mr. A. D. Frideaux, of Hurley, sends down a report to the Vindicator on the condition of Oneida county's schools. As the gentleman's residence and occupation prevents his performing his duties as superintendent and thus properly informing himself as to our schools, the report is necessarily confined to the information obtained from the school district clerks.

The Pelican Hose Company elected the following officers Tuesday evening for the ensuing year: Foreman L. Stumpner; asst. foreman, L. D. Hayford; secretary, P. A. Brown; treasurer, E. L. Dimick. The boys are now nicely located in their new quarters.

Misses Markham and Crowe returned from their visit to Winneconne Saturday. They were accompanied by Lola Beers, who went down for a visit and Miss Markham's brother, who is here for the same purpose. It is his first visit here in eight years and the absence of the old land marks made the town almost unrecognizable.

An exchange tunes its lyre and invades the sacred realms of song in the following heartless manner: "The constant drop of water wears away the hardest stone, and the constant gnaw of flosser masticates the toughest bone; the constant cooing of the lover carries off the blushing maid, and the constant advertiser is the one that gets the trade."

A private letter from H. E. Wilcox says that he is nicely situated in his new California home and expects to realize a handsome profit on his lumbering investment there. In company with others he has purchased a large tract of redwood, mill, bonnage and the whole outfit. He says their logs are of a size which would startle Wisconsin river lumbermen and they cut out 60 per cent. and better clear stuff. The mill is located at Albion, Mendocino county.

John Owens, the electrical engineer, was the innocent cause of considerable excitement Monday morning, it being reported that he had taken a dose of morphine and was past recovery. There was nothing to the rumor other than Mr. Owen had taken a small amount of the drug to enable him to sleep. Instead of having the desired and natural effect it made him sick and prevented his sleeping that night. He recovered quickly from its effects.

Stevens Point, Gazette: Albert Broome, the capable and gentlemanly book-keeper for the Keller Lumber Co., will remove to Rhinelander to hold the same position with the firm there. Mr. and Mrs. Broome have resided here for several years, and have formed many friends who will greatly regret their departure. Mrs. Broome and little son intend to visit her mother at Waupaca for the next few weeks. A remarkable co-incidence is noted in Mr. Broome's removal, as this makes the third family that have left Stevens present home on Main street for Rhinelander. W. F. Ball left there several years ago and Robt. Campbell went north last fall.

Senator Sawyer has introduced a bill authorizing the sale of timber on land reserved for the Menominee Indians in Wisconsin. The bill provides that not exceeding 30,000,000 feet of timber shall be logged and sold in each year. As the law now stands provision is made for logging 20,000,000 feet in any one year. A provision is made that \$27,453.40, the proceeds of the sale of the logs in the spring of 1891 be turned over to the United States treasury and \$9,000 or so much as may be necessary is appropriated to pay individual Menominees for banking logs the remainder to be placed to the credit of the Menominee band.

Two months of work in the woods means a good sized time check for most of the boys and the hustlers are on their annual hustle for those checks. The hospital agent, the jewelry salesman and the man with his yard slick and cloth patterns are besieging the camps night and day. There are many who declare the custom a nuisance to both loggers and men, but where a reliable dealer takes his goods or samples into camp it is many times a convenience and benefit to all concerned. It is the abuse of the practice that has made it unpopular with many loggers. There have been so many bogus hospital ticket peddlers and snide jewelry fakirs making the camps that operators would do themselves and their men a good turn if they excluded all except agents of good reliable firms. There are plenty of the latter to supply all the boys' wants at this time of year.

SEMI-ANNUAL REPORT OF
MERCHANTS STATE BANK,
of Rhinelander, Wis., on the morning of
January 4th, 1892.

ASSETS	
Loans and Discounts	\$109,065.04
Overdrafts	610.00
Specie	1,501.10
Fundings and Nickels	113.76
Checks and other cash items	5,145.83
U. S. Currency	4,742.00
Due from Banks	10,846.08
Bank Balance	1,111.95
\$132,712.50	
LIABILITIES	
Capital Stock	\$50,000.00
Surplus	5,091.06
Undivided profits	8,818.89
Due depositors on demand	41,523.46
Time	2,810.91
Redeemable	15,881.22
Discounts	10,222.05
\$132,712.50	
S. H. Alban, Vice-President, and E. O. Brown, Cashier, being severally sworn to say that the foregoing is in all respects a true and correct statement to the best of their knowledge and belief.	
S. H. Alban, Vice-Pres. E. O. Brown, Cashier.	
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 4th day of January, 1892.	
J. H. Barnes, Notary Public.	

BEERS

The Clothier, workman, for his low prices and good goods, has the most complete stock of

CLOTHING,

Gents

Furnishing Goods,

Hats and Caps

READ!

The finest and largest line of the above goods in the city. Prices always the lowest.

BEERS.

Central Market, STEVENS ST.

JAS. GLEASON,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

MEATS, PROVISIONS, FISH AND GAME.

Our customers can rely upon securing good fresh meat, fair treatment and as low prices as it can be sold for. We solicit a share of the city trade.
Market next to C. O. D. Store. RHINELANDER, WIS.

The Price Tells!
The Quality Sells.

J. B. SCHELL,
Merchant Tailor!

Brown Street, Rhinelander.

A Full Line of Foreign and Domestic Cloths
always on hand. If you want a first-class
perfect-fitting suit call on me.

Real Estate Loan and Insurance

EXCHANGE.

I have over 300 of the most desirable Residence Lots in Rhinelander for sale, ranging in price from \$100 to \$500 each. Also many of the finest Business Sites. Time given purchasers who intend building. Time given purchasers who intend buying. Sole agent for all property of M. L. S. & W. R'y Co. Brown Brothers, S. H. Alban and others.

... LOANS ...

I can place any amount of money on improved Real Estate at 40 per cent. of its value, on from 1 to 5 years time, netting from 8 to 10 per cent. interest per annum.

- - INSURANCE - -

I represent several of the Heaviest and most liberal and reliable Insurance Companies doing business in the world, and make a specialty of writing Fire Insurance at Equitable Rates.

- - ABSTRACT - -

The only Abstracts of Oneida County Lands. Two Complete Sets.

Office on Davenport Street. **PAUL BROWNE.**

NEW NORTH.

RHINELANDER PRINTING COMPANY.
RHINELANDER, - WISCONSIN.

THE BOARDERS AT DINNER.

The funny boarder to begin
The racket, being able;
"Let each," he said, "get off a pun
On something on the table."
"And I'll commence with one you will
Acknowledge is the best, sir—
This morning—as the house was still—
I woke up late and saucer."
"Get up potato clock, sir," said
The next in turn, undanted,
"I know egg did who sugar head
Because her hand I wanted."
"I'd do the same," laughed number three,
"If you were my adorer."
A nas-tie elegance, may be,
You often smoke beef-fore her."
"It's much a meerschaum pie, perhaps,"
Said number four, in folly,
"When knife fork kettle lot of chaps
Whoreled me I mean jolly."
"It's hard to pickie lover whoa
A person has a few many,"
Laughed number five—by all the men
Are spoons—two for a penny."
"I'd be hush-shamed of such a view,"
The next one said, "I'm guessing
You mustn't mire them, for you
Take lots of time in dressing."
As fast and furious grew the fun,
The poor innkeeper listened,
But when it came her turn to pun
Her eyes with mischief glistened.
"To add to your display of wit,"
She bowed, "I am unable;
Such brilliant minds are truly fit
To grace a royal table."
"But just to please you I will try:
I see some of us before me,
Who, every time they meet my eye
Turn red—they must adore me."
The boarders then in silent gloom
Stole one by one out of the room.
—H. C. Dodge, in Detroit Free Press.

THE STORY OF A CONVICT.



years ago that a crowd of us boys
were gathered together one night in
one of the fellow's rooms in college.
It was a cold, dreary night in January,
and the snow was already a foot or
more deep, and it had set in to raining
and sleeting.

We were all gathered around the
roaring fire, telling tales and trying
hard not to think of home. Tucker
had just finished his last story, and
was staring into the fire in his thoughtful
way; Starke was playing "Home,
Sweet Home," on his harp, and "Tobin
was just getting down his old fiddle,
when I saw the small light of a lantern
glimmering through the mist, and
headed for our room. I knew by its
swing, and the merry whistle that ac-
companied it, that jolly Hal Harris was
coming.

"Telling one of the boys to throw an-
other log on the already roaring fire, I
filled my big meerschaum and got a
chair ready for him. We all knew that
he would have some news, and he was
such good company.

In he came, his broad shoulders all
covered with ice, his big boots mud to
the top, and his jolly red face all aglow
with the exercise of pulling through
the drifts.

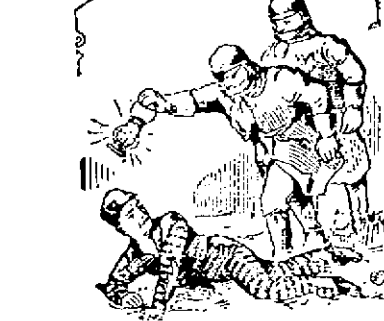
"Well, boys," he said, flopping him-
self into a chair and lighting his pipe
with a piece of firewood, "have you
heard the news?"
We all answered in the negative, and
he went on.

"Well, this afternoon six convicts es-
caped from the mines that were just
twelve miles distant and got scot free.
One of them was a forger, and there is
a reward of five hundred dollars for his
capture."

"By Jove!" said Tucker, "I wouldn't
mind having five hundred dollars, but I
would hate to take the poor devil."
"That's just it," said Tobin, reaching
for his Colt's. "We ain't chicken-
hearted down in Texas, and convicts
can't get away down here."

"This fellow," said Hal, "has only
been there nine months, and is a dan-
gerous character. He has escaped three
or four times, and I hear he is the
worst customer they ever had."

Just then there came a loud knock at



"YOU HAVE RUN ME DOWN AT LAST,"

the door, and Mr. Brooks, the sheriff,
walked in with his Winchester on his
shoulder.

"Whew!" he said, pulling the icicles
off his beard, "it's a nasty night and
getting colder every minute."
"What about the convicts?" we all
exclaimed, impatient to hear the whole
story.

"Six of them made a break this after-
noon," he went on, "and are said to be
making for the state line, right by here.
It's too cold to make the dogs follow
the trail so we must do it."

"What!" we all cried, springing to
our feet, "not to-night?"
"Yes," he said, "this very night, you
boys must help me out. All the men
are over at Thompson's, ten miles away,
to a ball, and these fellows must be
caught. Why, you might make five
hundred dollars, and besides, your fel-
lows are quicker and braver than the
men. So get ready and come on."

This last remark caught us, and the
whole crowd commenced getting on
their things.

"Wrap up good," he said, "it's mighty
cold, but there's a crust forming on the
snow that will about hold up our
horses."

Having wrapped up thoroughly, we
all started out, Mr. Brooks and Hal
leading, and Tobin and I bringing up
the rear.

As I remember it now, it was the
coldest night I ever saw. The wind
almost tore my lantern out of my hand
and my Winchester felt cold through
my double gloves.

"Now, look here, boys," mumbled
Brooks, through his thick muffler, "we
will go in twos, making for the state
line. These fellows were seen to pass
here two or three hours ago, and can-
not be far off in this weather. If any
of you strike the trail of the whole
gang fire off your gun twice in quick
succession; if you strike the trail of one
run him down and get him by your-
self. The man that gets the boodle
will treat the crowd." So saying, he
and Hal disappeared in the murky
darkness.

The whole crowd spread out toward
the state line, but Tobin and I spread
out towards B—, which was then
quite a village and a pretty large rail-
road center.

The crust that Brooks said would
hold our horses didn't at all, and after
floundering nearly five miles we left
them at a small cottage and struck out
across the country for the small village
of D—, three miles away, where we
would get a train for home.

We were cold and hungry, and swore
vigorously at Brooks, the convicts and
the state in general.

After we had made about half the
distance Tobin suddenly stopped and
whistled. "If here ain't blood I'm a
liar and not a Texan."

Sure enough there were footprints,
and splashed with blood—fresh blood
at that.

The day was now breaking, and we
could follow them easily; so, pulling
our weary bones together, we sat out
on a slow trot.

We had only gone a few hundred
yards when we caught sight of the poor
wretch floundering slowly along.

As he saw us he gave one last effort,
and, lurching forward, fell.

When we reached him we found a
well-built man, with good features, and
a pair of black eyes that wore a deadly
haze and looked at us piteously. He
was almost naked, and his feet were
bare and bleeding.

We kindled a dead tree near by into
a good fire, and poured whisky down
him plentifully.

In a short while he was able to speak,
and asked us what were going to do
with him.

At the end of the first sentence we
looked at each other with a slight air
of surprise. He did not speak like a
convict.

His voice was clear and well pitched,
his rhetoric perfect, and everything
about him seemed to indicate that he
had seen better days.

He noted our surprise and went on to
say: "Gentlemen, you have run me
down at last, and will, no doubt, take
me back to the mines, but I will never
go back alive."

We both gave a start, and exchanged
questioning glances.

He noticed this, and went on to ask
if we would listen to his story.

We both assented, and, covering him
up with my greatcoat, bade him go on.

"My name," said he, "is Wilson, and
I was convicted of a forgery and one
that I really committed. I was a poor
clerk in S—, when my young wife
died, leaving my only child, a little
brown-eyed girl, for me to take care of.

In a few months I lost my position, and
could not find work of any description.
Things went from worse to worse. I
pawned everything I had, and was re-
duced almost to starvation. One cold
night I went to my little attic room,
and found baby almost frozen and cry-
ing from hunger.

"My God, gentlemen, it was more
than I could stand. Steal? Why, I
would murder to save that little one's
life."

Here the poor fellow broke down, and
the hot tears rolled down his face.

"The next day," he went on, "I
forged a check for one hundred and
fifty dollars, and got the money; but
the forgery was detected, and I was
sent to the mines. My little girl was
sent to a house of charity, and I don't
know where she is now, but I will find
her."

Then, reaching into his ragged bosom,
he handed us a small locket.

"This picture," he said, "was taken
a few days before my wife's death."

We opened the locket, and such a
picture! A little fat-faced cherub, with
deep brown eyes, a little red mouth,
that seemed to say: "Kiss me, please,"
and a tiny dimple that fairly sparkled,
as if a merry laugh was hiding there,
ready to ripple forth at any moment.

"I'll tell you, old man," said I, ad-
dressing Tobin, and thinking of my
little brown-eyed sister at home, "if
you take this poor fellow back you
will have to whip your best friend
first."

"Take him back!" said Tobin, with a
drop of moisture in his eyes (from the
cold perhaps). "How much money
have you got?"

"Only four dollars, but you are wel-
come to that," said I.

"Well, I'll tell you what," he said,
"I've got five. Let's give this poor
fellow a start and let him go. It may
be wrong, but I believe in the fellow."

The half-frozen wretch was almost
up, with a look of incredulity on his
face.

"My friends," he said, "for I believe
you are my friends, don't do anything
that wouldn't leave you with a clear

conscience or anything you think would
be wronging your country."

This settled us, and we prepared to
get him to the station.

Tobin gave him his coat and we
started to carry him.

I purchased some ready-made pants
and shoes at a crossroads store for
him. The sun was up by this time,
and we met a farmer going to the sta-
tion that gave us a lift, getting us
there in plenty of time for the train.

The one that he was going on left
some time before ours.

When the train came the poor fellow
tried to speak, but the tears choked
him, and squeezing each of our hands
the poor fellow got on, and nodded us
a grateful farewell.

I had given him all my money and a
good revolver, but I didn't begrudge a
bit of it. I felt that it was only an in-
vestment after all, and might turn out
good or bad. If the latter, I had the
comfort of knowing I had done a fel-
low creature a kindness.

Eighteen years passed, and my little
sister had grown to young ladyhood.
She had graduated and gone abroad
with the principal of the school and a
crowd of schoolmates.

She had been at school four years,
and had during that time formed a
bosom companionship with an excel-
lent young lady, a Miss H., of E—,
whose father was a wealthy banker.

She was going home with her friend
on their return for a visit, and I was to
get off from my business for a vacation
and be with them for a few days.

Of course we had made all kinds of
inquiries about my sister's friend, and
found her father to be one of the
wealthiest bankers in E— and of the
very highest standing. He was a man
that had risen from a clerkship in the
bank to president. He came there and
got a position, nobody seemed to know
or care where from, for he had be-
haved himself like a true man and by
industry and pluck had steadily risen.
In a few years he made a big deal in
Wall street and awoke one morning to
find himself a wealthy man. He sent



"ALLOW ME TO RETURN YOUR REVOL-
VER."

his little girl off to boarding school,
and continued to prosper till he became
one of the town's best citizens and
everybody respected and looked up to
him.

I don't think I ever spent three more
enjoyable days in my life than the time
spent at his house. He and his
lovely daughter entertained elegantly
and were surrounded with everything
man could desire. He simply idolized
his daughter, and she had everything
she could wish for. She was mistress
of the place and ruled with a hand that
made everybody love her.

She and my sister were so happy to-
gether that the day of parting was a
sad one. That night at the train, while
they were going on as only girls can
be at parting, just as the train was
preparing to pull out Mr. H— called
me to the rear in a dark corner, and
putting his arm around my neck,
said, in a voice choked with sobs:

"My young friend, I owe you a debt
of gratitude that no mortal man could
pay, but allow me to return your re-
volver."

As the train pulled out and I saw
Miss H— leaving on her father's arm
that cold morning in the woods came
back to me, and I recognized in her the
baby's face in the locket. —Hans Gold-
erane, in Atlanta Constitution.

A LONG PEDIGREE.

A Scottish Noble Who Is of Ancient
Lineage.

The new Knight of the Thistle, the
earl of Crawford and Balcarres, who
fills the vacancy in that honorable
order caused by the death of Lord
Minto, is the head of the house of
Lindsay, an ancient and powerful fam-
ily, who were in possession of consid-
erable territory both in England and
Scotland as early as the eleventh cen-
tury. The name seems to have died
out in England about the time of Ed-
ward II., after which the Lindsays
were no longer summoned to parlia-
ment, but they flourished greatly in
the sister kingdom, and different mem-
bers of the family had been conspicu-
ous, not only for their wealth and
power, but for the distinction with
which they have occupied offices of
great public importance. Their great-
est and most powerful representative
was David, the fifth earl of Crawford,
who in the latter half of the fifteenth
century was keeper of Berwick, high
admiral of Scotland, and lord chamber-
lain. He was created duke of Mont-
rose, a dignity not assumed by his suc-
cessors. The Lindsays were staunch ad-
herents of the Stuarts, and Ludovic,
the sixteenth earl, fought for the King
at Marston Moor. The present holder
of the title is the twenty-sixth earl
of Crawford and thirty-fourth Lord Lin-
say. He is an F. R. S., has been pre-
sident of the Royal Astronomical so-
ciety, and has distinguished himself
more in science than in politics. —Il-
lustrated London News.

—The result of too much Greek—First
classic—"By the way, hadn't Dante got
another name?" Second classic—"Yes,
Alfieri, I think—or else Alighieri."
First classic—"Ah, perhaps you're right.
I had a notion it was Gabriel Rossetti
or something!"—Punch.

At nine the carriage called. I felt
nervous, and, strange as it may appear,
I could have gone to the ball of the
Czar of all the Russias with less embar-
rassment than at this. In miserable
streets we bumped along. I began to
feel weak and faint, as a man to be
hanged goes upon the platform, going
to a place among strangers. On enter-
ing I was dazzled with the flare of bril-
liant lights of sperm and oil (gas not
being in existence then). The music
and voluptuous women I saw, as it were,
floating in the air in their beautiful
dresses, when one of them approached
me, and placing upon my breast the
ribbon and raising up her eyes, black as
a young doe's, and hair dark as a raven's
plume, she presented me to her mother
and sister, who saluted me in French
with the air and dignity of the noblesse.
Taking me by the arm she presented
me to many others. "Vous parlez Fran-
cais, Monsieur?" "No, miss." Right
then commenced my troubles in the
beautiful language of love and music,
and I wished heartily that all my Latin
and Greek were in Jericho, for not one
of these creatures, highly educated
abroad, could speak anything but French
and Spanish. By and by a lady came
up to me. "Voulez vous valser, Mon-
sieur?" While I was deficient in French,
I was well posted in the dance, and at
that time heels versus heads would win
every time. So I trotted her out, or
rather she trotted me out to her heart's
content, as she was not inclined to stop
when my brain began to swim, and I
had to find her a seat, when I bowed
myself off full of confusion, and, I may
say, perspiration, too, as I was unac-
customed to the warm climate. In the
hall I found Voularge, when I said to
him: "I thought you told me this was
an octoroon ball?" "So it is," "Why,
these women are white." "No, they
are not. They are octoroon." "Well,
where are their mamies and daddies?"
"Some few are here; but this is a soiree
for young people. Come with me. I
will introduce you to the gentleman of
the house, Mr. H—." I soon found
he was an agreeable gentleman, and
could speak my own language. He took
us into a side room, where there was a
huge bowl of Regent's punch, in which
floated a small iceberg. It was a glori-
ous relief in that hot climate, especially
after dancing, and a few drinks of it
would make a man speak all languages.

Being somewhat enthused I was an-
xious to redeem myself from the effects
of my debut dance. So I made for the
first black-eyed, black-haired damsel I
met. She could talk as much English
as I could French, and into the dance
we started. When in the crowd and
whirl I soon found I was in a Polish or
Spanish fandango, which had not
reached Kentucky when I left home. I
floundered around when Voularge, with
his partner, who was a "stunner" and
a beauty, struck mine to the floor, in
which his foot became entangled in my
damsel's dress, which dragged on the
floor. I can't now tell how it was,
however. The ladies gathered around
and took her to the room to hitch up.
I bolted for the hall, as well as the punch
bowl, feeling so mean that I felt like
taking to the street and hiring a monkey
and organ. The night was well ad-
vanced, and by the aid of the elixir I
began to recover myself when Voularge
introduced me to many gentlemen of
the legal and mercantile professions,
who in after years became prominent
citizens.

Supper was announced, when Vou-
large presented me to a lady from one
of the West India islands. Though not
as fair as some of the others, she had a
majestic appearance, somewhat on the
order of Pocahontas. She had very
pretty black eyes and hair, with teeth
like pearls. Voularge, with his "stun-
ner," took seats alongside, which re-
lieved me greatly. Great Jupiter, what
a supper it was! such as southern wo-
men usually get up. Gumbo was then
the national dish of Louisiana, the odor
of which diffused itself all over the
house. The sniff of it now even gives
me an appetite. My partner was as
fat as eating and, to draw it mildly,
I was, myself, loaded down to the guards
in partaking of so many rare dishes
(new to me then) and, though I have
long belonged to the Gastronomic club,
I never saw before or since a hot-boned
turkey. Of course elixir and cham-
pagne flowed freely. After a chat with
the host and hostess we made our
conge.

It is hardly necessary to say all the
etiquette of polished society was
strictly observed by everyone, and the
women, highly educated, would scorn
any attempt at liberties unbecoming a
gentleman, many of whom have hap-
pily married and become wives of men
of means who emigrated to Paris and
Berlin, where their children married,
and where none care or make question
of their pedigrees.

The ball which I have endeavored to
describe was at the residence of a promi-
nent banker of Canal street, in New
Orleans, and a brother of a late secre-
tary of the United States treasury.
Guess who it was if you can. I will not
tell. What has become of all this race?
Gone! Where? They have returned
mostly to La Belle France. —Louisville
Courier-Journal.

The Grooming Were Ahead.

Philadelphia has always been proud
to boast that it was the first to bestow
on George Washington his immortal
title of "Father of His Country." In
1790 an English history published here
applied that title to the president for
the first time. But now a Philadelphia
himself is seeking to despoil the city of
this honor. Judge Pennypacker has in
his possession a German almanac pub-
lished in Lancaster for the year 1779,
even before the close of the revolution,
which as a frontispiece contains a por-
trait labeled: "George Washington—
Landesvater." Despite the term being
a piece of German nomenclature, the
judge dwells with emphasis upon the
fact that it was used as a sobriquet,
since Washington was but a general
and not yet president. —Philadelphia
Record.

OCTOROON BEAUTIES.

A Gordon Blue Ball in New Orleans in the
Days Before the War.

RED-SKINNED POISONERS.

Tricks of Indians Whose Only Weapons
Were Deadly Poisons.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Getting Late.—Late Stayer.—"Why,
the lamp is going out." Gracie (tired and
sleepy).—"I suppose it thinks it's time
something went out."—N. Y. Herald.

—Harry.—"Stunning girl just passed,
eh, old boy? Did you see her look back
at me?" Fred.—"Yes; they say it don't
take much to turn a woman's head."—
Fun.

—A Telling Compliment.—De Gary.—
"Why were you so particular to praise
her new hat?" Merritt.—"I learned from
her little brother that she had trimmed
it herself."—Epoch.

—A Phenomenon.—School Teacher.—
"What is a phenomenon?" Little girl
(from Chicago).—"A gen'man out walk-
ing with his own wife."—Demorest's
Magazine.

—Millicent.—"Arthur is so noble, so
high bred—." Millicent's Pa.—"He
will be high 'meat' for Towser some
night in the near future if he doesn't
cease his visits here."—Boston Globe.

—Singleton.—"I am suffering dread-
fully; cutting my wisdom teeth, you
know." Doubleup.—"Don't say? I
didn't eat mine till after I was mar-
ried."—Kate Field's Washington.

—Mrs. Brown.—"It's foolish for your
father to sleep during the sermon."
Little Johnnie.—"No, it ain't, ma. It's
only foolish for him to wake up while
the basket is going around."—Epoch.

—Winkle.—"Have you seen Miss
Twitter in her new tailor-made gown?"
Nodd.—"No. She was out walking
when I called." Winkle.—"Was any one
at home?" Nodd.—"Yes. The tailor
who made it was there."—Cloak Re-
view.

—A Clever Child.—Frances (to her
little brother).—"Do be quiet, Johnny;
don't you know that there's a visitor in
the next room?" Johnny.—"How do
you know? You haven't been in."
Frances.—"But I hear mamma saying
'My dear' to papa."—St. Louis Humor-
ist.

—He Looked Hungry.—Miss Tomax
—"What a fine large dog you have, Mr.
Van All. It must cost a good deal to
keep him." Van All.—"O, no, he eats
very little, indeed." Miss Tomax (ab-
sently).—"I'm sorry he don't get more."
—Brooklyn Citizen.

—Circumstances Alter Cases.—Ed.—"I
have just called on Miss Cooley, but she
was not at home." Fred.—"Is that
what the servant said?" Ed.—"Yes."
Fred.—"Then she was at home. If she
was not in you would have been told
she was out."—Lowell Citizen.

—You are a lazy fellow, Bronson."—
said Cadley. "I don't believe you have
done a stroke of work this week."
"O, yes, I have, Cad," returned Bron-
son, "I put in ten hours of hard labor
yesterday." "What at?" "Trying to
read one of your quatrains." —Har-
per's Bazar.

—Managing Tramps.—Mistress.—
"Did any one call while I was out?"
Servant.—"No, ma'am, excepting a
tramp. He wanted something to eat,
but I told him there was nothin' ready,
an' he'd have to wait till th' lady of
the house got back from the cooking
school, an' mebbe she'd make him some-
thing." "Of all things! Did he wait?"
Servant.—"No, ma'am. He runned." —
Demorest's Magazine.

TOBACCO AN ANTISEPTIC.

Investigation Proves it to Be a Prevent-
ive of Bacterial Growth.

It has long been a popular opinion
that tobacco is an antiseptic, and this
belief seems to have some solid basis of
fact. Prof. Vincenzo Tassinari, of the
Hygienic Institute of the University of
Pisa, recently made some very interest-
ing experiments on the supposed germi-
cidal virtues of tobacco smoke, which
seemed to show that it really had a de-
structive action upon the growth of
bacteria, those minute organisms which
are said to be the cause of a vast num-
ber of bodily ills that flesh is heir to.
Prof. Tassinari observed the action of
the fumes upon seven different kinds of
bacteria—the so-called cholera bacillus,
the cattle distemper bacillus, the pus
cocci, the Finkler-Prior bacterium, the
typhus and plenum-pneumonia bacillus,
and the blue pus bacillus.

Wishing to imitate as closely as
possible the processes going on in a
smoker's mouth, the professor passed
tobacco fumes through a horizontal tube
into a receptacle kept moist by damp
cotton wool, which contained also a
colony of bacilli. The result showed
that the smoke retarded the growth of
some kinds of bacilli, and absolutely
prevents the growth of others. The to-
bacco experimented with was that
which is used in making the large
Cavour cigar, much favored in Italy, and
it was proved that its fumes retard the
growth of pus bacilli by seventy-two
hours, and of cattle distemper bacilli by
one hundred hours, while they abso-
lutely arrest the growth of the so-called
cholera and typhus bacilli. If Prof.
Tassinari's results may be relied upon,
it is evident that not only is tobacco not
the deadly enemy of man—and it is
singular with what eagerness man
takes to so many of his deadly enemies
—but in many instances it is his great
friend, not only by way of soot, but as
a warder off and destroyer of deadly
germs that insist on colonizing his body
and turning it to their own uses.—All
the Year Round.

A Sociable Grooming Bird.

A Worcester (Mass.) druggist has a
diminutive pet in the shape of a hum-
ming bird, which is so tame that it feeds
readily from its master's hand, always
poising in the air and never showing a
disposition to alight when partaking of
its food. Although very fond of sweets
it is a touchy honey, but eagerly
sips a candy sirup from a quill that
is kept "loaded" for that purpose. It
is also fond of flies and spiders and is
very expert in catching them. The
merry little hummer dews in from the
outside one chilly day and has since had
the freedom of the store. Its favorite
perch is on the branch of the gas-pipe
over the soda fountain, from which
vantage point it frequently surprises a
customer by darting down and dipping
its slender beak into the glass from
which he is drinking. In many other
ways the bird shows its sociability, par-
ticularly when the store is first entered
in the morning.—Golden Days.

Lewis Hardware Co., RHINELANDER.

ACORN STOVES AND RANGES.

THE LARGEST STOCK OF MILL AND LUMBERMEN'S SUPPLIES IN THE CITY.

A Complete Assortment of Belting, Packing and Lacing. Paints, Oils, Glass, Varnishes, Etc.

HER FATHER'S VICTIM.

(Continued from last week.)

So pleased was he with the way affairs were tending, that Harry Pearson slapped himself again and indulged in a satisfied chuckle, after which he went on:

"Wonder how old Blatchford will feel when he discovers one of these fine mornings how well I have served him? Wonder what he will think when he wakes up suddenly to find that I, his trusted agent, have gone off with his granddaughter and several thousands of his money? It will break his heart to lose the money, and it ought, but it ain't likely he will lose any sleep on the girl's account. He'd rather give up every relative he has, than to part with a dollar. Such old cusses as he is need to stand a heavy loss to bring them to their senses."

For a long time Pearson remained at the window musing over his scheme and congratulating himself on the flattering prospects of its successful issue. It was a deep-laid and well-matured plan for embezzling a large amount of Blatchford's money, and, with Louise for his mistress, fly to a distant land, where he would live in grandeur.

In the meantime Green was jogging homeward, and he, too, was busy with thoughts and musings. He had secured a little money, but it was not sufficient to keep off hunger for any great length of time, and he realized that unless Mary began to recover soon so that he could seek employment he would in a few weeks be without means again, with nothing more to mortgage. Musing thus, with many misgivings and dark forebodings, John at last came face to face with a man in a buggy. It was Seraggs.

"I am glad I met you, Green," Seraggs said. "I have been out in quest of some money, and luckily I was fortunate enough to get it. So, if you have time to go back with me we can fix the business up to-day."

"I am ever so much obliged to you, Mr. Seraggs," replied John. "But I have secured a loan, through Pearson's assistance, from Mills. I came by your office to inform you. I am sorry that you have gone to so much trouble for nothing."

"I don't care for the trouble, Green," said Seraggs. "But I'm sorry you borrowed that money of Mills."

"Why so?"

"Because the less you have to do with Harry Pearson the better. Mark my words, Green, you will pay dearly for all the aid Pearson gives you, and the day will come when you will wish with all your heart that you had never seen him."

"I am at a loss," John said, "to understand you, Mr. Seraggs."

"That's because you do not understand Pearson's motives."

"Why, what motives, except one of kindness, can he have in aiding me? It cannot hope to make anything out of me, for I have nothing."

"You have not property, Mr. Green, but you have that which is of far more value to both yourself and him. You have a daughter, and it is her ruin he is working to."

"Seraggs," cried John, with livid face, "be careful what you say."

"I am careful, Green, and I would to Heaven it was not necessary to say what I am about to tell you. But as a husband and a father I feel it my duty to speak out and warn you against Harry Pearson. I know his purpose for he has stated it to me. He has designs on your daughter, and knowing that he cannot win her by fair means he seeks to do it by entrapping you in his toils."

John looked at Seraggs in a dazed way for some time, evidently hailing between two opinions or else mixed up in a medley of ideas. Seraggs' manner and delivery were so earnest that it was hard to believe him insincere, but on the other hand it was equally hard to think of Pearson as an unprincipled libertine after all his mostations kindness. Another man might have been able to form a correct conclusion

unnary after the silence began to grow awkward he spoke.

"This is a surprise to me, Mr. Seraggs," he said, "and I do not know what to think of it. Pearson has been kind in aiding me and I never dreamed that he could have a dark purpose in it, and I can hardly believe that such can be the case, even now. But I thank you for the warning you give, and I promise to be on guard."

"To be on guard to my purpose, Green, you must guard against accepting any favors at Pearson's hands. In other words keep out of his power. It was because I know what I do that I proposed to let you have money. I made the offer to save the girl from his clutches. I have a daughter myself, and whatever else may be said of me, no one can say that I am not a friend of virtue. I am sorry you borrowed that money of Mills, but it is done and we must make the best we can of it. If the worst comes I will write or telegraph to old-what's-his-name, Harry's uncle in Ohio, and have him come out."

Seraggs for the moment failed to recall Blatchford's name, and he little dreamed how much he missed in doing so, for had he known the relation that existed between the Greens and Hiram Blatchford, and had Green known the identity of Pearson, as the mention of Blatchford's name would have led to, a world of bodily and mental suffering would have been spared the poor, unfortunate Greens.

But as it was "her part so, John going on homeward, in a state of great mental perturbation, while Seraggs drove toward Maggie City, resolving in his mind various schemes for thwarting Harry Pearson's nefarious plans.

"Green is such a confiding, honest soul," he mused, "that Pearson will have no difficulty in coming over him with those suave manners of his. If he had a little knowledge of humanity and wasn't such a trustful fool, I might be able to do something for him, but as it is I have little hope. Some people are the blindest fools in the world, and John Green's one of 'em—"

here Seraggs hit his horse a vicious rap to alleviate his feelings of disgust, and went on: "He's allowed Pearson to bamboozle him into going to Mills, and fool-like, he thinks Pearson has done him a great favor. I don't see why in the devil some people are always so anxious to lick the dust from the feet of rascals, and Seraggs brought his horse another cut. "Now I've got to get Green out of this scrape," he continued, "if it can be done. I've got to buy that note from Mills, if he'll sell it."

CHAPTER XVII.
THE SERPENT AND HIS AGENT.

The reader may be inclined to think it a little strange that Seraggs should manifest such decided interest in a matter that did not at all affect him. But, as has been said, Seraggs was a man of heart, and he was a great friend of virtue. Besides, he was a man of strong impulses, and his likes and dislikes were extremely pronounced. From the moment he came to know Harry Pearson in his true character he had disliked him, and the instant he became cognizant of Pearson's intentions relative to Louise Green, he resolved to thwart them if possible. And it may be added that Seraggs was a man who, once having formed a purpose, never abandoned it until he had reached the end.

This may the interest of Seraggs in this affair of Green's be accounted for by the satisfaction, no doubt, of all.

It was late when Seraggs arrived home, and it was impossible for him to do aught that day, but at an early hour the next morning he repaired to Mills' office. None of the great army of loan seekers who visited Mills' office every day had made their appearance yet, and Seraggs found that worthy alone, and in a very few words stated the object of his visit, which was to purchase John Green's note.

"I am sorry, Mr. Seraggs," Mills replied promptly, "but I cannot accommodate you with the note."

"Why not?" Seraggs asked.

"Because I loan money as a business, and if there is a profit in it I want it."

"Certainly, Mr. Mills. I did not expect you to sell the note at its face value."

"You didn't? Then you are willing to pay a premium?"

"I am, or I should never have come here. We money lenders do not do things for the fun of it."

"That's very true, and for that reason I am at a loss to understand why you should be willing to buy Green's note at a premium. I let him have twice as much on his property as I would under ordinary circumstances."

"That has nothing to do with the matter at all. Please state what amount will buy the note."

Mills looked at Seraggs rather curiously for an instant, then broke into a soft smile.

"To be plain with you, Mr. Seraggs," he said, "and to bring the affair to a point at once, I must say that the note is not for sale."

"At no price?"

"At no price."

"May I ask your purpose in holding it when you can make a good profit by letting it go?"

"Yes, you may ask, Mr. Seraggs, but I am not compelled to answer you."

For a moment Seraggs was clearly "stumped," to use an expressive slang term. The note was evidently beyond his reach, and it seemed useless to try further to get it. Yet he did not like to abandon the effort so soon, but how to proceed further he did not know.

Seraggs went back to his own office, where he found Pearson in waiting for him.

"John Green came up to see you yesterday afternoon," Pearson began, "and not finding you at home, left a message with me."

"You needn't put yourself to the trouble of stating it," said Seraggs, coldly, "since Green himself delivered it a little later."

Pearson was taken somewhat aback by these words, but in a moment he had recovered his equanimity and said carelessly:

"You met him on the way home, I suppose?"

"Yes, and he told me Mills had furnished him the money."

"That was the message he left with me."

For a little while neither of the men spoke, and Pearson began to hope that the subject was dropped. But in this he was disappointed, for directly Seraggs resumed it by saying:

"You helped Green about getting that loan, Pearson, and I know what your object was in so doing."

"Perhaps you do, Seraggs," Pearson replied unconcernedly, "but for fear you don't, I'll tell you. My object was to render the man a little service."

"Yes, to render him a little service; and for what?"

"For his good, of course. So you think all mankind are like yourself, willing to do a fellow creature a favor only when it brings two dollars to your pocket to every one it brings him?"

"Pearson," said Seraggs severely, "it is useless to talk nonsense to me. I know you, and I understand your heart."



"THE NOTE IS NOT FOR SALE."

You told me once, before you returned east, what your intentions were toward Green's girl, and I understand that your intentions are the same yet. You are striving to get Green in your power and use him as a lever in your efforts with the girl. That was your purpose in taking him to Mills to get his money, and you are the man who holds that note."

"You are making rather reckless assertions, Seraggs; but say they are correct, and then what?"

"Why, only this, you must give the note up to me. I will pay you a premium on it."

"Who-ee! Must give it up, eh?"

"Yes, you must."

"Perhaps I must, but I fail to see why."

"Look here, Pearson, you proceed with your intentions toward that girl, and I promise you that Blatchford shall be informed of it without delay."

"Blatchford? What does he care? Do you suppose he'd bother his head about a daughter of one of these poor settlers whom he owns body and soul? Bah, he don't care what they do, or what becomes of them, so long as he has their mortgages. Write to Blatchford, if you want to, and see what good it will do you."

As Pearson delivered himself of these words he kept a close watch on Seraggs' features, and though he spoke confidently and with the utmost indifference, he was greatly disturbed. He was in constant dread lest something should transpire to reveal to Seraggs the relation existing between Blatchford and the Greens. He became satisfied on the present occasion, however, that Seraggs had as yet received no intimation of the truth, and he breathed easier. But Seraggs' threat to write to Blatchford disturbed him. He knew that it was not likely made, and he also knew that if he did write the whole truth would come out, and, heartless as old Blatchford was, it was hardly possible that he would sit quietly with folded hands and permit his granddaughter's ruin.

Such thoughts as these occupied Pearson's mind, and he saw the necessity of conciliating the frate agent.

"Mr. Seraggs," he said, "what's the sense of you and I going on like a couple of fools. I don't care anything for Green's girl, and have no designs upon her. I did make a fool assertion a year or so since to the effect that I had, but I did not mean it."

"Do you swear," said Seraggs, "that you are speaking the truth?"

"Why, yes, if you wish it," Pearson replied unblushingly.

"Then you will perhaps not mind letting me have Green's note."

"No, I wouldn't, if I had it. Mills is the man for you to see on that business."

Harry Pearson left the office directly, and as he walked the street his mind was busy with thoughts of the interview just ended.

"Old Seraggs is going to cause me trouble," he mused, "unless I proceed

with the utmost caution. He's a sly old devil, and now that he's set his mind against me, he'll do everything in his power to down me. It would be just his way to write to old Blatchford, and in that case the jig would be up with me, for I'd not only have Blatchford down on me, but my wife, too. This is a damned ticklish business, sure, and the first thing I know old Seraggs will get wind, in some way, of the fact that those Greens are old Blatchford's relatives, and if he does old Blatchford will know of their whereabouts, and come hunting them up. Seraggs and Green must be kept apart, and I must move as fast as possible. I must have Louise, for I do love her with all my soul and I can't think of living without her."

CHAPTER XVIII.
THE SERPENT MAKES A PROPOSAL.

During the next two weeks Pearson went to Green's three or four times, and though he never had an interview with Louise, he gave her to understand the state of his heart, and did everything in his power to ingratiate himself into her good graces. He also sought to broaden and deepen the hold he had upon John's feelings, and upon the whole was quite well satisfied with the progress he was making. He had no hope of winning Louise's love, but he thought he was gaining her esteem and that was enough.

"If I can only have her respect," he thought, "I can easily bring her to my terms when the time comes. Green will soon use up the money he borrowed, and then Louise must choose between me and hunger—hunger not only for herself, but for her father and her sick mother. And the victory will be mine by easy odds, for she is such a simple, honest-hearted little thing that she will readily make any sacrifice in order to spare her parents. Just a few more days of clear sailing and I shall arrive in port with my prize all safe and sound. In the meantime, though, I must begin to prepare the girl's mind so that she may be prepared for the climax."

So in accordance with this idea, Pearson managed, on the occasion of his next visit, to induce Louise to take a walk with him. She was loth to go, knowing what his sentiments were toward her, and feeling all her old repugnance for him returning in full force, but she recalled all his kindness to her father and his generous solicitude for her poor mother, and she felt it her duty to acquiesce in so small a wish.

At first he talked of ordinary matters, such as any two acquaintances might speak of, but finally he became more personal and began to ask her about her life. To all his questions she made straight-forward, truthful replies, acknowledging that her existence was by no means pleasant.

"I should think," he remarked, "that you would long for society and the brighter scenes of life."

"I do," she replied, "though I try hard not to. It is very wrong to repine and grieve, but it is not easy always to avoid it."

"I don't think there is any wrong in it," he said. "Yours is a hard lot, and it is only human that you should long for something better."

"What's the use of longing for something I can't have? It only makes me the more miserable, and besides it's a sin against those I love. Think of my poor mother, how much less bright her life is than mine. I know it is wrong to grieve over my situation, and I'm ashamed that I am weak enough to do so."

Pearson made no reply at once, but walked on some distance in silence. He was revolving in his mind the words she had just spoken and trying to decide how to proceed the most effectively. When at last he spoke it was to this effect:

"Well, you are right, I suppose, in thinking that it is useless to grieve for what we cannot have, but sometimes we can have things when we do not think so."

Something in the eagerness of his voice, as he asked the question, attracted the girl's attention and caused her to start. She had an intuition of his meaning and longed to flee from him. However, as that was not possible, she walked on without making any reply. He waited awhile, and seeing that she was not going to answer him, he repeated his question. By this time she had regained her composure, and her reply came calmly and steadily.

"Yes, it is only natural," she said, "that I should be willing to exchange this life for a better one. I suppose no sane person would hesitate an instant to do that."

"Then will you make the exchange?" he asked.

"That is impossible, Mr. Pearson," she replied quietly, totally ignoring the meaning of his question. "At least I cannot hope for such a thing for a long time."

He felt that the time had come to speak out. Yet he hesitated. What he had supposed an easy task he found most difficult. He was reckless, honorless and heartless, but still he quailed before this innocent girl—a girl whom he loved to desperation. Away from her presence he could deliberate

SPAFFORD & COLE!

DRY GOODS

THE LARGEST STOCK IN TOWN.

Our Immense Store is Crowded with Bargains in Dry Goods and Holiday Stuff.

The Finest Line of SHOES ever brought to Rhineland, can be seen at our store. Call and look them over.

SPAFFORD & COLE.

Globe Barber Shop and Bath Room!

CHAS. NAYLOR, Proprietor.

Hair Cutting, Shaving, Shampooing, etc., done in first-class order, as none but the best of workmen are employed. A hot or cold water bath can be secured at a very reasonable price, and satisfaction guaranteed. Give me a call and be convinced.

DAVENPORT STREET.

RHINELANDER, WIS.

THE OLD AND RELIABLE FIRM,

CRANE, FENELON & CO.,

—Always Have on Hand a Full Line of—

DRY GOODS,

GROCERIES, HATS, CAPS, BOOTS AND SHOES.

Call and get prices before buying elsewhere.

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The Most Popular Family Newspaper in the West.

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THE WORKINGMAN, OR

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THE BEST STORIES AND SKETCHES IN THE LANGUAGE.

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Edited by EX-GOV. W. D. HOWE, Editor and Proprietor of "Horse's Dairymen." This is a new feature and an important one to Agriculturists.

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A FIRST-CLASS INSTITUTION.

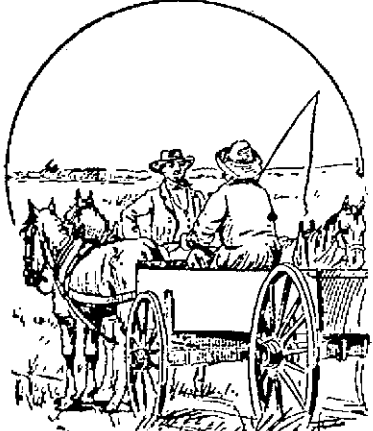
For \$6.00 your doctor's bill, nursing and board is paid, and a home provided you in case of sickness or injury, during the period of one year. No man without a home can afford to be without a ticket on a hospital. We will take pleasure in showing you through the hospital at any time.

MCDONOE & DANIELS,

Resident Surgeons

RHINELANDER

WISCONSIN.



"I AM GLAD I MET YOU, GREEN."

in the premises, but John Green, honest, open, frank, truthful soul that he was, was slow to change opinions of a person, especially when he was called upon to exchange a good opinion for a bad one. He had formed a high opinion of Pearson, and considered him a true, unselfish friend, while as for Seraggs, his opinion of him had never been of the best. Seraggs' words put him in a quandary and he knew not what to say or how to proceed; but

THE NEW NORTH.

Published Thursday of each week by
The Rhinelander Printing Company.
Geo. W. Bishop, Wm. C. Ogden.

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if not paid in advance. 2.00
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on application.
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County Treasurer, G. H. Clark
County Clerk, E. P. Brown
Sheriff, J. M. Merkle
District Attorney, A. W. Shelton
County Judge, J. W. McCormick
Register of Deeds, D. S. Johnson
Clerk of Court, J. W. McCormick
Supt. of Schools, A. D. Pridemore
Surveyor, T. Lennan
Municipal Judge, Paul Browne
Coroner, J. Jewell.

CHURCHES & SOCIETIES.

Congregational Church.
SERVICES every Sunday at 10:45 A. M. Song
Service at 7:30 P. M. and regular service at 8:30
Sabbath school immediately after morning ser-
vice.

Catholic Church.
SERVICES every Sunday, Mass services at
10:30 A. M. Sunday school every Sunday at
2:30 P. M. Vespers every alternate Sunday at
7 P. M.
REV. FATHER JULY, Pastor.

Methodist Church.
SERVICES every Sunday at 10:30 A. M. Song Ser-
vice at 7:30 P. M. and regular service at 8:30
Sabbath school at 11:45 A. M. after morning ser-
vice.
REV. D. C. SAVAGE, Pastor.

German Lutheran Church.
SERVICES twice a month, also Sunday school.
REV. J. DeJong, Pastor.

Baptist Church Calendar.
SUNDAY.
Public Service and Sermon, 11:00 A. M.
Sunday School, 12:00 P. M.
Song and Praise Service, 8:30 P. M.
Public Service and Sermon, 7:30 P. M.

TUESDAY.
Young Peoples' Meeting, 7:30 P. M.

THURSDAY.
General prayer meeting, 7:30 P. M.
All are invited. All are welcome.

G. A. R.
JOHN A. LOGAN, POST No. 202. Regular
meeting 1st and 3rd Tuesday evenings of each
month at hall in Brown's block.
RICHARD REED, Com. L. J. BILLINGS, Adj.

I. O. O. F.
ONEIDA LODGE, No. 48. Regular meeting at
hall every Monday evening.
J. Frenzel, Sec. O. F. Wessler, N. G.

D. O. F. E.
LAURESTINA LODGE, No. 28. Meets every
first and third Wednesday of each month
in the Odd Fellows' hall on Stevens Street.
B. T. Plugh, Sec. Mrs. O. F. Wessler, N. G.

F. & A. M.
RHINELANDER LODGE, No. 242. Meets first
and third Tuesday in every month in the
postoffice block.
A. McPhail, Sec. H. C. Keith, W. M.

I. O. G. T.
Pelican Rapids Lodge, No. 241. Meets every
Friday evening at hall over Palace Shoe
Store. Visiting brothers are cordially invited.
Nellie Chace, R. S. Chas. Woodcock, C. T.

K. O. P.
Flambeau Lodge No. 78. Holds regular meet-
ings on Friday nights in over house block.
E. G. Spiller, K. of R. E. B. Morley, C. C.
Uniformed Rank meets every Wednesday night.
B. Jenkins, Rec. E. B. Morley, Capt.

S. O. F.
W. T. Miles' Camp, No. 55. Wisconsin Division
S. O. F. E. B. A. Meets at G. A. R. hall
on the first and third Thursday evenings of each
month. Visiting brothers always welcome.
C. G. Bronson, Capt.

C. K. of W.
Catholic Knights of Wisconsin. Meeting last
Sunday of each month at 4 P. M. at Good
Temple's hall.
Rev. N. July, Rec. Sec. J. N. Kennan, Treas.

PROFESSIONAL.

MILLET & McCORMICK,
Attorneys-at-Law,
Collections sharply looked after.
Office over First National Bank.

ALBAN & BARNES,
Attorneys-at-Law,
RHINELANDER, WIS.
Collections promptly attended to.
Town and county orders bought.

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Special attention paid to home-
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RHINELANDER, WIS.

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RHINELANDER, WISCONSIN.
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Conover, Porter & Padley,
ARCHITECTS.

Pioneer block, Knight block,
Madison, Wis. Ashland, Wis.

FIRST NATIONAL

Bank of Rhinelander.
Rhinelander, Wisconsin.
DO A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS.

Best Protection for Funds

LOCAL TIME TABLES.

MILWAUKEE, LAKE SHORE & WESTERN.
NORTH BOUND.
No. 2—Limited.....4:04 A. M.
No. 18—Accommodation.....1:16 P. M.
No. 15—Accommodation arrives.....3:00 P. M.
SOUTH BOUND.
No. 16—Accommodation.....1:15 P. M.
No. 14—Accommodation.....11 A. M.
No. 1—Limited.....11:51 P. M.
W. E. ASHTON, AGENT.

Winnebis, St. Paul & Sault Ste. Marie Ry.
The Short Line East to Gladstone, Sault Ste.
Marie and all Canadian and New England points
and WEST to
Minneapolis, St. Paul and Western Minnesota
and Dakota.

TRAINS WEST.

No. 3—Passenger.....10:25 P. M. through
No. 37—Passenger.....7:30 A. M. local
No. 20—Freight.....11:51 P. M.
No. 21—Freight.....9:20 A. M.

TRAINS EAST.

No. 36—Passenger.....5:27 P. M. local
between Pennington and Cameron Junction
No. 1—Passenger.....8:12 A. M. through
No. 20—Freight.....11:51 P. M.
Close connecting time at Pennington with M. &
W. Ry. for all Lake Superior points, and at Trout
Lake with D. S. S. & A. Ry. for Mackinaw and all
Lower Peninsula points.

Thursday, Jan. 14, 1892.

Fresh cuts of all kinds at Stern's.

A fine lot of baking powder at a
bargain, at Jewell's.

All kinds of school supplies at
Leonard's stationery store.

Miss Thania Veck, of Berlin, has
taken a case in the New North office.

Mrs. Henry Turish visited relatives
in Antigo last week.

The Girard Lumber Co. at Dunbar
have 10 miles of logging railroad built
with steel rails.

Misses Dunn, Mabel Chace and Red-
field visited George Whitney's home at
Antigo last week.

WANTED.—A competent girl Per-
manent situation. Inquire of Mrs. A.
W. Shelton.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Reardon gave a
whist party to a large number of
friends last evening.

The Browne Theatre Company are
expected here for a three nights' en-
gagement this month.

A competent girl can find a perma-
nent situation by applying at the res-
idence of Paul Browne.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Cunro gave a
pleasant party to a number of invited
guests Thursday evening.

If you have cash to pay for groceries,
why not patronize W. S. Jewell
who gives a discount for cash.

Perry Halstead, weighmaster for the
local railway lines, has resigned his
position and gone to Chicago.

Ed. Washburne has gone to State
Line where he is running the engine
for drawing logs at Brown Bros.' camp.

E. M. Kemp has been in the city
this week. He has just returned from
a trip of several months through the
west.

Hats, caps, gloves and underwear at
cost at Morley & Raymonds. Must
close out entirely during the next 30
days.

A number of saloon-keepers were
arrested Monday morning for selling
liquor on Sunday. Each was assessed
in dollars and cents.

J. J. Reardon & Co. have already
begun their annual wall paper rash.
This firm handles more paper than any
other in this section.

You can secure any publication
printed at the same or less than the
publisher's price at E. C. Leonard's.
Only papers always on hand.

M. H. Harvey has taken the position
of stenographer in the Underwood
Lumber Co's office. He is from Fife
Lake, near Cadillac, Mich.

LOST.—Ladies watch charm, with
small piece of chain attached. Lost
on Brown or Thayer streets. Leave
same at Spafford & Cole's and be re-
warded.

Charles Gaudineer was in from camp
at Carver Tuesday. He reports work
progressing well. They are putting in
several million for the Keller Lumber
Co.

Judge Bardeen enters upon his
duties in a manner which brings forth
favorable comment from the attorneys,
and they predict excellent results
from the formation of the new judicial
circuit.

Thomas Keenan has resigned his
position as section foreman for the
Lake Shore company, after seven years'
service with them. He will probably
go into business, but what, he has not
yet decided.

Mrs. Jamieson, mother of Mrs. E. H.
Keith, suffered a severe bruising by a
fall down stairs Monday morning. As
the lady is over eighty years of age it
will be some time before the effects of
the fall are entirely gone.

Chester Tuttle and Miss Jennie Cor-
bin, both of Three Lakes, Wis., were
married Monday evening Jan. 11, by
Rev. D. C. Savage. The ceremony
took place at the residence of G. C.
Pingry on Frederick street.

A new line of children's sleighs at
Hildebrand's.

Mrs. Irvin Gray has been very sick
this week with the grip.

Fresh eggs, dairy and creamery but-
ter at Jewell's.

The grip is having a more severe run
here than ever before.

A good horse for sale. Enquire of
W. S. Jewell.

S. H. Bowman has gone to Iowa for
a trip of several weeks.

C. S. Melander is at Eagle River this
week attending to his dental practice.

Mrs. Chas. Jamieson, of Stillwater,
was the guest of Mrs. E. H. Keith last
week.

The new brewery is rapidly nearing
completion. It will be ready to begin
business about the first of February.

Mr. and Mrs. Hazelquist, who reside
on the North side, lost their infant child
Saturday. Diphtheria was the cause.

Clarence Snyder, of Onkand, one of
the State Board of Control, inspected
Oneida county's jail Saturday. It suited
him.

The preliminary examination of
Eber Smith, of Hixon, takes place be-
fore Municipal Judge Browne on the
26th inst.

Mrs. Joseph Reed, who has been a
guest at Sylvanus Kelly's for several
days, has returned to her home in
Royalton.

We have a large stock of memo-
randa, note and letter headings, which
it will pay merchants and other con-
sumers to examine before placing their
orders for printing.

Charley Long has opened a Chinese
laundry opposite the Rapid's House
and is ready for business. Hop Sing,
the old celestial washer has left for
other climes.

The North Wisconsin Lumber Co., of
Hayward, in whose warehouse was the
dynamite that exploded causing the
death of two persons and injuring four-
teen have had a suit for \$20,000 dam-
ages made against them.

At the annual meeting of the First
Baptist church directors the following
officers were elected: C. E. Brady to
serve on board of trustees; R. Bastian
as treasury and Miss Maudie Zufeldt,
secretary.

A new catalogue of the public schools
will be issued this week by the school
board. It is an interesting presenta-
tion of the condition of Rhinelander's
educational institutions, and is illus-
trated by views of the three principal
school buildings.

Howard G. Robbins and Miss Lottie
E. Sade were married Wednesday,
January 6, at the home of the bride's
parents, in Wayland, Michigan. The
newly married couple arrived here
Saturday. They will remain in Rhine-
lander a few months.

The Keller Lumber Company have
their office completed and are getting
the furniture in place. They expect to
be settled ready for business by the
first of the week. Mr. Keller will re-
main here permanently while his
partner, Mr. Miller, will be on the road
most of the time. The Day Bros. will
look after the logging interests.

This has been a week of disappoint-
ment in the news line. What prom-
ised to be a first-class murder sensa-
tion dwindled down to a very inferior
fight; a supposed case of suicide flat-
tened out into a case of sea sickness on
land and an abduction case petered
down to the praiseworthy effort of a
wife to keep her huge lord in his own
pasture. All of which goes to show
that what the rumor is and the facts
are, sometimes differ.

Eagle River Review: Miss May
Ryder, of Rhinelander, is visiting rela-
tives and friends in town.—Sheriff Lon
Merrickel, of Rhinelander, spent a
couple of days in town the latter part
of last week.—J. C. Curran, of Rhine-
lander, registered at the Denton House
Tuesday.—Joe Day, of Rhinelander,
was in town Tuesday.—Geo. O'Connor
did business in Rhinelander Tuesday
and Wednesday of this week.—E. S.
Docket returned yesterday from
Rhinelander where he has been for
two or three weeks.

The pedro club was entertained at
the home of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Bis-
hop Saturday evening. An elegant
spread of cold pancakes and ham was
served at 11:15, of which the guests par-
took sparingly and upon which they
looked with evident suspicion. While
the character of the menu couldn't be
very well explained at the time it is
well enough to say here that a generous
and affluent neighborhood responded
nobly to the call, for grub, but there is
a suspicion, founded on the returns,
that the two delicacies mentioned are
about all that the neighbors have been
eating for the past week so, but per-
haps they ate everything else up clean.

ONE OF THE SEC

Of a Cook's success is in having proper
cause for being without it when all kinds of
sold as cheap as we are unloading them. G
attractive. We have it, and can show you g
Call and see, if you want to save money.

M. H. GREENLY

The first change in officials on the
Lake Shore since its absorption by
the Northwestern system took place
Monday. President Rhinelander
stepped out, his place being taken by
Marvin Hught, of the Northwestern.
A vice-president and Treasurer Norrie
were the only other officials to go.
All the heads of departments are re-
tained.

Hotel for Sale or Rent.

The Eagle River Hotel is to be
remodelled into a hotel and rented or
sold on reasonable terms. Address
Box 196, Eagle River, Wis. 1w

Wanted.

A first-class book-keeper would like
a position as such. Is a stenog-
rapher, and can furnish a No. 2 Rem-
ington typewriter. For further infor-
mation enquire of A. P. Easton.

Bargains in Lots.

G. H. Clark has twenty lots in
Rhinelander which can be bought at
reasonable figures and on easy terms.
Anyone wishing to buy a good, cheap
house and lot, or a building site
should call on him.

Wood! Wood! Wood!

I have a large quantity of green wood
yellow and white birch, hard and soft
maple, which I will sell at rock bottom
prices in quantities of 5 or more cords
for cash.
W. S. JEWELL.

Situation Wanted.

An experienced travelling salesman,
who is a practical lumberman and
acquainted with the southwestern
trade, wishes to engage with a whole-
sale lumber dealer or manufacturer.
Best of references.
Address F. W., care New North.

Treasurer's Notice.

Notice is hereby given by the under-
signed, Town Treasurer of the Town of
Pelican, that the tax roll for said town
for the year of 1891, is in my hands
for collection, and that the taxes
charged therein are subject to payment
at my office, at any time prior to the
10th day of January, 1892. Dated
this 1st day of January, 1892.
ALEX. SUTTON, Town Treas.
Town Clerk's Office, Rhinelander,
Wisconsin.

Dissolution of Partnership.

The partnership heretofore existing
between E. C. Leonard and R. Black-
burn, under the firm name of E. C.
Leonard & Co. is this day dissolved by
mutual consent. Mr. R. Blackburn re-
tiring from the firm. Mr. E. C. Leon-
ard will continue the business, assum-
ing all liabilities and collecting all debts.
Dated at Rhinelander, Wis., this 29th
day of December, 1891.
E. C. LEONARD,
R. BLACKBURN.

BUNDE & UPMEYER,

Manufacturing Jewelers,
MILWAUKEE, - WIS.

NOW FOR NEW YEAR'S

Remember, as you enter upon the
new year, that we manufacture Jew-
elry, and are, therefore, enabled to sell
Fine Jewelry for just about what
other Milwaukee jewelers have to pay
for their stock.

Remember, that we carry the largest
and finest stock of

JEWELRY, DIAMONDS

—and other—

Precious Stones, Silverware,

Watches and Clocks,

and Finest Statuary

in Milwaukee.

If you keep these facts in mind you
will not go astray when you come to
Milwaukee to make purchases.

If you contemplate making New
Year's Gifts, come in as soon as pos-
sible.

Diamonds and other precious Stones
are one of our specialties.

BUNDE & UPMEYER,

Cor. Milwaukee and
Wisconsin Streets,
Milwaukee.

RISE SUN STOVE POLISH

DO NOT BE DECEIVED
with Paste, Wax, and Polishes which stain
the hands, blacken the iron, and burn off.
The Rising Sun Stove Polish is Brilliant, Odor-
less, Durable, and the consumer pays for no tin
or glass package with every purchase.

IVORY SOAP

99⁴⁴/₁₀₀ Pure.

THE BEST FOR EVERY PURPOSE.

Have the Largest, Best and Most Thoroughly Complete Stock of

Lumbermen's • Clothing

In the city, which will be sold at prices as low as any dealer's.

RHINELANDER, WIS.

The Giant Seigh Manfg. Co.

—Manufacturers of—

Wagons and Sleighs.

General Blacksmithing

Repairing Done on Short Notice.

We Also Have an Expert Horseshoer.

GO TO
BRADY'S NORTH SIDE STORE
FOR BARGAINS IN

Dry Goods, - -

Groceries, Boots Shoes,

And General Merchandise.

RHINELANDER, - - WISCONSIN.

D. L. JENKISON & CO.,

The Leaders in Jewelry.

A Full Line of Christmas Novelties.

Every Purchaser of \$2.00 worth of goods will be entitled to a
Chance on the Gold Lined Silver Water Cooler
to be Given Away January 1, 1892.

Rhineland, Wisconsin.

Lewis

A Complete Asso

HER FATHER'S VICTIM.

(Continued from last week.)

So pleased was he with the way affairs were tending, that Harry Pearson slapped himself again and indulged in a satisfied chuckle, after which he went on:

"Wonder how old Blatchford will feel when he discovers one of these fine mornings how well I have served him? Wonder what he will think when he wakes up suddenly to find that I, his trusted agent, have gone off with his granddaughter and several thousand dollars?"

A LONELY PLACE.

Romantic Story of the Telegraphic Wires.

"You will find it a lonely, out-of-the-way place—a perfect wilderness—but it is all that I have at my command at present, and if you are brave enough to go down into the marshy country and do the combined work of agent and telegrapher you can have the appointment," said Superintendent Nash, referring to a vacancy on a railroad line that traversed the wild, mountainous section of Virginia soil.

"I cannot say that I am flattered with the picture you draw, sir, but as I am looking for a situation and beggars shouldn't be choosers, I will take my chance and try my luck under something better turns up," said Hugh Gordon, the young man addressed.

"Very well," replied the superintendent, shortly. "If you attend to the business properly we shall not give ourselves any uneasiness about how you manage to live the life of a hermit, for such it will practically be, and you cannot say that I failed to warn you," he added, as he turned away. Then to himself he soliloquized: "That clump will not be in Benning a fortnight. He's fresh from school and has been accustomed to civilized society, so it is not probable that he'll do a bit better than his predecessors. He'll be back at the end of a week, and I shall not blame him, either, for it is the most God-forsaken place I was ever in."

But he was mistaken, for, though Hugh found it all that he represented it, he was not easily discouraged and took hold of the work with as much energy as if the place were in the very center of life and business. Adhering to the old adage: "Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well," he performed his various duties in the best manner possible, and, though the railroad officials said nothing, from the way they glanced around the waiting-room—as clean and bright as soap and water could make it—it was evident that they had no fault to find with the new methods which the college-bred telegrapher had inaugurated.

There was no doubt about its being a lonely place, and except the people in the well-filled trains that flew past without stopping and the rough section hands, who occasionally came in to light their pipes and chat a few minutes, he scarcely ever saw a human face. After he had been there some weeks through the wires he formed the acquaintance of Frank Reynolds, the operator at Mantua, a small station fifty miles further on in the wilderness. After their first introduction the two spent many pleasant hours conversing on congenial subjects.

One day just after Hugh had returned from his dinner the ticking of his instrument left this message for him:

"FRIEND HUGH: I have just received word that your fortnight's vacation is to begin this afternoon. My substitute is here already, and I will be off this evening. Will pass through Benning on No. 8. Be out to wave congratulations. As ever,

"Frank."

"Frank!" ejaculated Hugh. "I wish that train would consent to drop him off. Wouldn't we have a jolly time together? Wonder if he could not get an order to have it stop. 'There would be no harm in trying, at any rate,' and then back over the wires he asked:

"Can't you get an order to have the train roll you off at Benning? I should like to have the pleasure of your company during a few of your vacation days."

A few minutes later he had his answer.

"No. 8 is a tyrant, with rules and regulations that never change; consequently I cannot honor myself by accepting your offer of hospitality."

"What can't be cured must be endured," muttered Hugh, disconsolately, when he knew the decision. "Well, there is one thing sure—I'll see the dear fellow's face," and having nothing else to do he fell to weaving fancies concerning the appearance of Frank Reynolds, for up to the present date the young operator had studiously avoided exchanging pictures, and further than that he had brown hair and eyes Hugh had not the remotest idea of the looks of the friend he had learned to esteem so highly.

No. 8 passed through Benning a short time before midnight, and twenty minutes later the lightning express thundered down the steep grade at the rate of a mile a minute, fairly shaking the little frame depot on its foundations. At Lyman, two miles above, the two trains met—the one reaching the place first side tracking until the other one passed.

As there was no night operator at Benning, and no important trains stopped during the night, Hugh was at liberty to close up the office and go home at ten o'clock, but he was quite a night hawk, and usually remained at his post until after the hands of the

clock marked the hours of the old day off and began with its long fingers to count the minutes of the new.

On this particular night he was so wrought up on account of the treat in store for him that he found it impossible to study or even become much interested in the new novel that lay with its leaves only partially out on his office table.

How long he sat there, sleeping or day-dreaming, he scarcely could tell. It must have been over an hour, however, for it was long after the clock had struck eleven when he was startled by a stealthy step close by his side. Before he had time to speak or change his position a heavy hand was laid on his shoulder and a harsh voice hissed in his ear: "Don't scream or try to escape if you don't want to make the acquaintance of this," exhibiting the kind handle of a revolver. "It is the other hand that is dangerous, though, but if you obey orders you have no cause to be alarmed. Here are my pals," as you for two dark-faced, evil-looking men promptly stepped boldly in at the open door.

"We don't wish to harm you, young fellow, but we want money, and by flagging only the next train, No. 8, you will other help us to a fortune, as we have some knowledge concerning the valuable proposed carries."

"Why, that is a through train; it never stops here, never!" gasped Hugh. "Do you reckon we'd axed for your help if we hadn't known that?" sneered one of the other men. "We have no time to fool, and if you don't help us we'll fix you and take business into our own hands. What do you say? Will you stop the train or not?"

"I can't—I dare not!" exclaimed Hugh. "Do you think I would betray my trust in that shameful manner?"

"I told you the cub hadn't said enough to stand up in a job like this," said the third man. "Better a-garaged him at first, and it would have been over. There is no use in making confessions of such cowardly spooks as you find down in these Virginia swamps."

"I believe in doing everything in a square and honest fashion," returned the man who had made the first assault.

"Talk about honor among thieves," retorted the little, bald-headed man, "but if we are going to grab ourselves rich we can't stand here arguing any longer," glancing at his expensive timepiece.

"You're right," exclaimed the first rogue, as he placed a gag in poor, frightened Hugh's mouth. "This done, the unfortunate fellow was tied hand and foot, and then, helpless as he was, the rope that bound him was made fast to the little iron safe, the danger lantern was swung out in the darkness and the cowardly ruffians hurried away to secrete themselves, expecting to hop on the express car as soon as the train came to a standstill, and by fair or foul means shut the mouth of the express agent, secure the booty coveted and made their escape unobserved when the train slowed up at the station above. The first part of their plan worked admirably, and when the train stopped one of the gang in the garb of a section hand ran up to the conductor, exclaiming, breathlessly:

"A bowler rolled down on the track, and as none of the other men were in calling distance I was afraid I could not get it off in time and so had the danger signal swung out. But it is all right now," pointing to a huge rock by the side of the track.

Neither the conductor nor engineer suspected treason, and in a few minutes the train was again in motion, the disguised rascal hopping on the express-car platform on the opposite side of the train from the station, as it passed the place where he stood.

Not seeing the Benning operator, according to arrangement, Frank Reynolds stepped off the train and into the little waiting-room, where a light was dimly burning. Hearing groans somewhere in the neighborhood he ventured into the office, where poor Hugh was lying bound hand and foot. He had succeeded in forcing the gag partially out of his mouth, and just as the train started off his efforts to make her understand the situation became clear and sent her to the instrument to flash the news to the station above. The message was brief but startling:

"Look out for robbers on express car No. 8. Send assistance to Benning by next train. Operator badly used up."

She waited a few minutes, and then back over the wires came:

"All right. You will have assistance very soon."

With this assurance she went back to release Hugh, still a prisoner in the inner office. The poor fellow had been roughly handled and before he was free faintness several times from the loss of blood. He was still unconscious when the train stopped a few minutes later with a surgeon and the assistants promised on board. They brought the good news of the capture of the train robbers, but Hugh was too weak to pay much attention to the conversation that night.

"He'll be all right by morning," said the doctor, confidently, but he was mistaken, for the next day found the poor fellow tossing uneasily in a high fever. Day after day and night after night Frank Reynolds remained to nurse him and attend to his duties until her whole fortnight's vacation was gone. Not until the morning she went away, however, did Hugh identify her with Frank Reynolds, his friend telegrapher.

He had supposed that Frank was a bright, witty young man, about his own age, but when he found out his mistake, weak and helpless as he was, the shock did not injure him in the least; on the contrary, he made a very good recovery, and the messages that continued to pass between Benning and Mantua, though they changed somewhat in character, never decreased in number. Six months have passed since that eventful night that marked their first meeting, and—well, Hugh has taken charge of a larger office, with double pay, and as Frank has agreed to make a home for him the office at Mantua will be without an operator again.—Belle V. Chisholm, in Chicago News.

EARLY PHEASANT SHOOTING.

The Pleasures of an October Day Among the Birds.

Hatched out before the partridge, the pheasant, nevertheless, enjoys a full month of immunity beyond the day on which the law declares the inhabitant of stubble and turnip fields to be fair game for men and dogs. But his turn comes at length, and the "1st of October" sees the London game market resplendent with the hues of many cock pheasants. Covert shooting, however, that phase of the sport which brings destruction to by far the greater number of the birds, whether in the slaughter of the battue or in the smaller days of more moderate sportsmen, is rarely possible before the leaf is fallen and the woods have donned their winter aspect. Nevertheless it is in October that many of the pleasantest days are spent in the pursuit of the wild or outlying longtails. Few things, indeed, in the sporting year are bailed with more delightful anticipations by many a keen sportsman than the bright October morning, often still and warm as June, when, with one or two other guns, or a couple of good spaniels, and two or three beaters, he sallies forth to the gorse, brakes and bracken of the hillside, or to the spinnies and the hedgerows, to kill his few brace of early pheasants. And there may be just that suspicion of crispness in the air which makes a man feel his spirits highest and his eye brightest; and never so well shoots he as when the splendid old English, or the ring-necked cock, rises gleaming from the fern or bramble to meet his fate, just as, with outstretched wings, he is preparing to sail away over the valley to his home in the big wood. Probably the pleasantest hours, too, of the pheasant's existence are those, often his last, when he wanders over the fields or sunny banks in search of his favorite blackberry, little recking that the "first" is upon him. Not yet has he been troubled by the busy sparrow, and as at the first alarm he seeks the handiest bit of covert, he does so in blissful ignorance that he may probably emerge only to face the deadly breech-loader and an untimely end. It by no means follows, however, that the kinds of shots which are got on such a day are tamer than those which fall to one in covert-shooting later on. If the country is broken and the bird is flushed above you on the hill, you may get as tall and difficult a rocket as ever comes back over the trees, in the wood; and even should the bird rise from the hedge, bank or ditch at your side, many a good shot who has got his "eye in" to partridge in September, finds himself puzzled at first in something about the pheasant. 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—EXPERIENCE—

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BENEDICT & CO.

First Clothing Manufactory.

Cor. Grand Ave. and Fourth St.

MILWAUKEE, MARCH 1ST, 1890.

TO THE NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.,

Milwaukee, Wis.

GENTLEMEN:—To say that I am surprised at the wide difference in dividends between your excellent company and the New York Life on two EXACTLY SIMILAR POLICIES which I carry in both companies, is drawing the case very mildly indeed. The following is a complete record for seven years:

Northwestern, Cash Dividends, - \$592.62
New York Life, " " - 327.07
Difference in favor of the Northwestern, - \$265.55
Being \$38.48 more than double.

As no good company can object to having its dividend records placed before the public, you are at liberty to use this letter as you may think best. I have, as you will see, very good reasons for regret at not taking your agents advice which was to place all of my insurance in the Northwestern. I hope others will profit by my experience. Yours truly,

HENRY BENEDICT.

HOBART & CAMPBELL, DISTRICT AGENT,
OSHKOSH, WISCONSIN.

Dr. Sell, On the Bible.
The Rev. H. G. Sell lectured in the Congregational church last Friday evening on the "Catacombs of Rome" to a small audience. The gentleman does not appear to be as ready a speaker as some and a few seemed disappointed. But we can hardly wonder if lectures are "dull" with such a subject. Mr. Sell had just addressed an audience of 600 in Connecticut and to face an audience of 40 after riding such a distance to keep his appointment was enough to make his preparation far below zero.

On Sunday Mr. Sell occupied the pulpit and in the evening delivered a fine scientific statement on "Why I Believe the Bible," a short account of which we give.

Mr. Sell said: "I believe the Bible because of its wonderful formation and preservation. It was the product of ages. It was marvelous, how so many books, telling a consistent story were collected in one; and after they were brought together, could have survived amid the wreck of ancient literature! There was no human design in its preservation, for kingdoms and empires went down, many literary products and libraries were destroyed, but the Bible lived on. It made its way against wind and tide of fierce opposition and persecution."

"I believe it because of its freshness of thought and the impartiality of its writers. It does not grow antiquated. Its thoughts on right government, its teachings of purity, its setting forth of all virtue, are still far ahead of modern times. When characters are painted, human nature is painted as it is, faults are not condoned but condemned. Nothing can excel its literary or moral beauty and loftiness of thought. Two hundred thousand books have been written about it, yet it remains a mine of wealth, the liveliest and freshest book known."

"It is also scientifically accurate. The French Institute in 1808 put forth 80 theories of science hostile to the Bible. To-day not one remains but the Bible theories abide still. It fairly implies the antiquity of the earth and its statement 'in the beginning' the earth was created tells of the immeasurable time of long ago, it may be a billion years. Professor Dana's last great statement is 'that there has been no new formation of plant or vegetable life since the formation of man' which statement is in full accord with the teaching of Genesis. Many other like accuracies were noted, all which give faith in the inspired book."

He further said: "The Bible only gives us a fair statement as to the beginning of things. The theories of the pagan world were absurd. Theories of scientists were often at variance and as often changed. And what is a theory? At best it is only a shrewd guess at truth. Science's truest answer is 'I do not know.' The Bible gives an efficient and a sufficient answer for the origin of things."

"It also tells of the end of things. The social unrest, the entire absence of satisfaction for man in this present life, and the inadequacy of material things to meet man's loftier desires and anticipations were very humorously but logically stated. The question 'What shall the end be?' has no answer in science or philosophy, and every life is one of despair as to certainty of the future, apart from the hope and anticipation imparted by the teachings of the Bible."

A service of sacred song next Sunday evening.

The Gerrymander Squabble.

There seems to be no doubt but what the action of the Democratic legislature in reapportioning Wisconsin's assembly, senate and congressional districts will be the cause of as interesting a legal fight as the treasury suits were. Chairman Wall is said to be preparing for the contest. Attorney General O'Connor has signified his willingness to begin the action. Prominent democrats, like Willis Silverthorn, of Wausau, and leading party papers, like the Madison Democrat, pronounce the gerrymander an outrage. The masses of both parties are in favor of having the question settled in court once for all. That any party should be possessed of power to practically disfranchise thousands of voters because they do not agree with them politically is unjust if it is good law. Democrats contend that they have done no worse than republicans, but one thing is certain, no gerrymander was ever before accomplished which called forth the disapproval of people in all parties, and excited comment from all leading papers of the country. Should the

supreme court hold that the formation of districts solely in the interests of political parties and in conflict with all geographical and population rules, is unconstitutional, the next legislature should create a board of unprejudiced political complexion whose duty it should be to redistrict the state regardless of partisan gain or loss. The boss who engineer political tricks as the ringmaster does the trained animals in a circus, may howl and squirm but the people will be let or served and the will of the masses will then control elections.

Ex-Secretary of State Timine has removed to Arizona and state conventions will know him no more.

"The Sunday Morning Forum" is a new paper started at Eau Claire. Its first number is decidedly neat and spicy.

We acknowledge the receipt of the Daily Congressional Record with Thomas Lynch's name on in the place of a stamp.

Milwaukee seems to be in the lead for the democratic national convention. The contest has settled down to a fight between New York and Wisconsin's metropolis.

The election of John Sherman to succeed himself as senator from Ohio is a source of satisfaction to republicans all over the country. His worth to his country, his state and his party, is recognized by all.

A Warning—Don't Use Big Words.

In promulgating extreme cogitations or articulating superficial sentimentalities and philosophical or physiological observations, beware of platitudinous ponderosity. Let your statements possess a clarified consistency, compacted comprehensibility, coalescent consistency and a concentrated cogency. Eschew all conglomerations of flatulent garb, jejune babblement and asinine affectations. In trying to impress upon others the superiority of the Wisconsin Central Lines, the direct route to and from Chicago, Milwaukee and points east and south, and Ashland, Duluth, St. Paul, Minneapolis and all points north and west, and why you and so many others use this thoroughfare. It is not necessary to use jaw-breakers. Let your extemporaneous descantings and unpremeditated expatiations have intelligibility and veracious vivacity, without rhodomontade or thrasonical bombast. Sedulously avoid all polysyllabic profundity, pituitous vacuity, sham double entendres, prurient jocosity and pestiferous profanity, obsecrant or apparent. In other words, talk plainly, naturally, sensibly and truthfully say the Wisconsin Central the route, and that ends it.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office at Wausau, Wis., December 10, 1891.
Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Judge or Clerk of the Circuit Court at Rhinelander, Wis., on January 28, 1892, viz:
John Bowley II, s. No. 679, for Lot 7, Sec. 36, Township 37 North of Range 8 East.
He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz:
Lewis Tarsen, Antoine Toussant, Oscar L. Frazier and John Bowley, 2nd, all of Rhinelander, Wis.
66-dec15-jan27 E. B. SANDERS, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office at Wausau, Wis., December 11, 1891.
Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Judge or Clerk of the Circuit Court at Rhinelander, Wis., on the 10th day of February, 1892, viz:
Charles Bell II, s. No. 568, for the NE 1/4 Sec. 22, Township 36 North, Range 8 East.
He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz:
Oscar L. Frazier, David L. Anderson, Peter Seibel and Wm. H. Kaiser, all of Rhinelander, Wis.
66-dec15-jan21 E. B. SANDERS, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office at Wausau, Wis., December 29, 1891.
Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Judge or Clerk of the Circuit Court at Rhinelander, Wis., on the 10th day of February, 1892, viz:
George J. Lyons, s. No. 568, for the S 1/2 Sec. 22, Township 36 North, Range 8 East.
He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz:
Edw. Dohm, John O'Brien, Ed Young, and O. J. McElchlin, all of Rhinelander, Wis.
66-dec31-jan29 E. B. SANDERS, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office at Wausau, Wis., December 29, 1891.
Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Judge or Clerk of the Circuit Court at Rhinelander, Wis., on the 10th day of February, 1892, viz:
George J. Lyons, s. No. 568, for the S 1/2 Sec. 22, Township 36 North, Range 8 East.
He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz:
Archie Schwartz, Charles Woodcock, Matt H. Langley and Manuel Hugenot, all of Rhinelander, Wis.
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O. F. Wissler

MAKER OF FINE

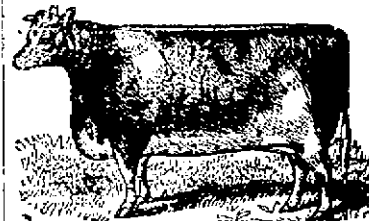
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MEAT,

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Diamonds, Watches, Clocks, Jewellery, Etc.,
Repairing and Engraving Neatly Done.

Carry a full stock of the best make of watches in the best gold and silver cases at very low prices.

Store in Faure's Block.

Rhineland, Wisconsin

Harness!

J. H. Schroeder,

BROWN STREET,

Rhineland, - Wis

Light and Heavy Harness,

And all Goods in my Line. Repairing done promptly and in a satisfactory manner. Orders from Lumbermen given special attention.

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CHAS. WILSON, PROP.

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Oneida House.

Thos. Crowley, Prop.

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Merchants' State Bank.

CAPITAL, \$500,000.

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W. D. HARRIGAN

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LIME,

HAIR,

SAND,

ADAMANT,

WALL PLASTER,

Fire Brick & Clay,

Cements of all kinds, Hard and Soft Coal, Wood, Etc.

Orders by mail promptly attended. Office in Brown Bros. Block.

F. A. HILDEBRAND,

DEALER IN

FURNITURE.

My Stock is Complete and my Prices Reasonable. Your Patronage is solicited.

An expert embalmer and funeral director in readiness at all times. Call before purchasing.

RHINELANDER, - WIS.

J. Weisen's

Provision Depot!

Is always stocked with seasonable goods. The finest butter, eggs and everything usual found in a provision store. Potatoes at wholesale or retail. Give us a call. Brown street.

Don't Forget the Place

H. LEWIS,

Wine, Liquor and Cigar

MERCHANT.

Stoltzman Block, Rhinelander, Wis.

My goods are the very best, and I can supply customers at Chicago and Louisville wholesale prices.

Fine California Wines a Specialty.

Give me a call and sample goods and prices.

C. KRUEGER,

THE LEADING

PHOTOGRAPHER.

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A Specialty.

RHINELANDER, - WIS.

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W. D. JOSLIN & CO.